



A Cup of Sun

A Book of Poems

joan walsh anglund

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Joan Walsh Anglund

Joan Walsh Anglund, whose charmingly thoughtful texts and appealing illustrations have enchanted millions of adults and children alike in this country and abroad, has now set down in poetry and aphorisms some singularly graceful and deeply felt thoughts that will gain a quick response from her host of admirers as well as from those who have not had the pleasure of encountering her work before.

"A bird does not sing
because he has an answer.
He sings
because he has a song."

There is, in these poems, that special magic that calls forth repeated readings and a deepening sense of the beauty and gentle wisdom with which Joan Anglund approaches those moments, joyful or sad, great or small, that make up the very fabric of life.

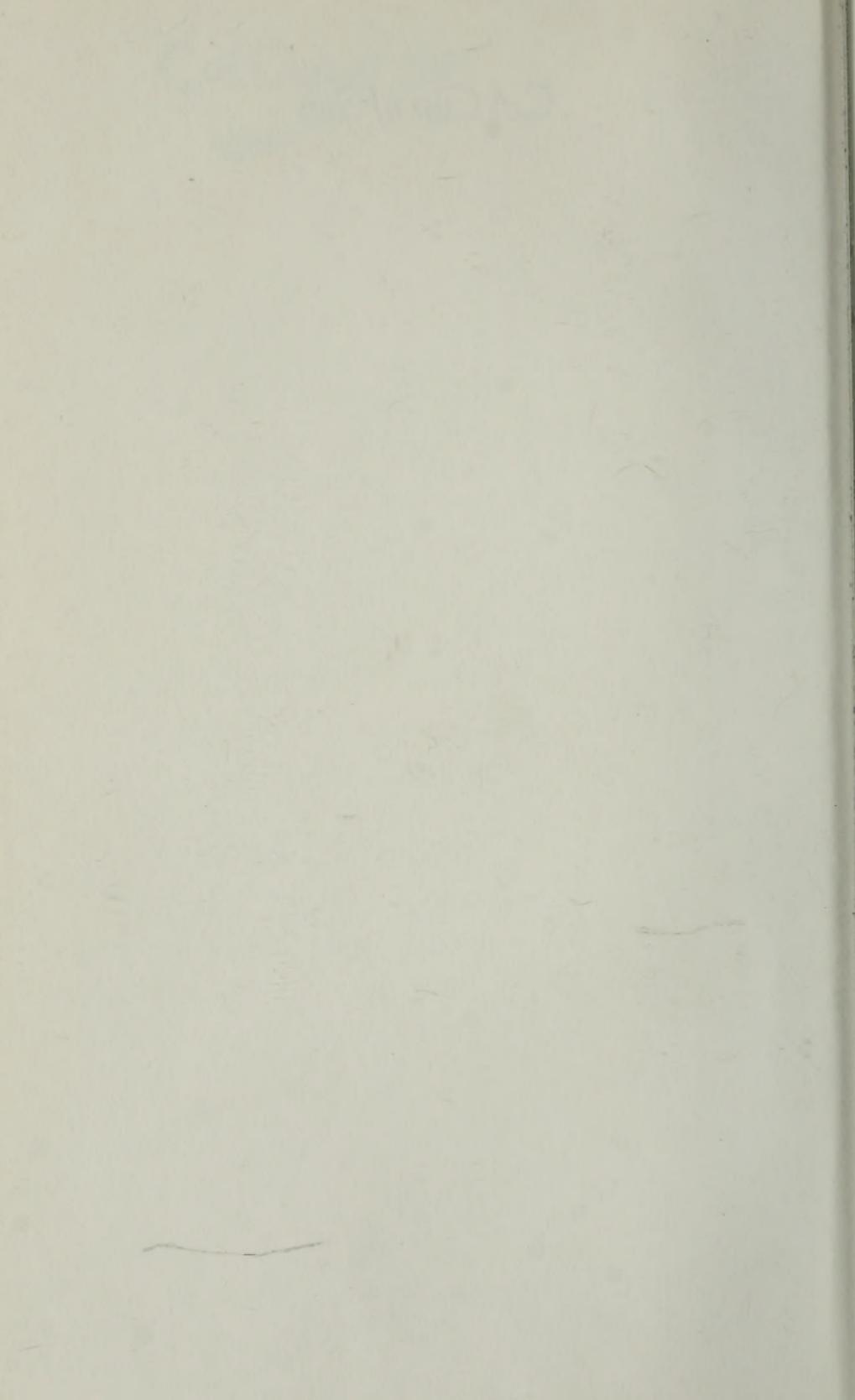
The present volume contains twenty-eight pages of text, each faced by a small, decorative drawing. This is a book for keeping and for giving, and most of all for sharing.

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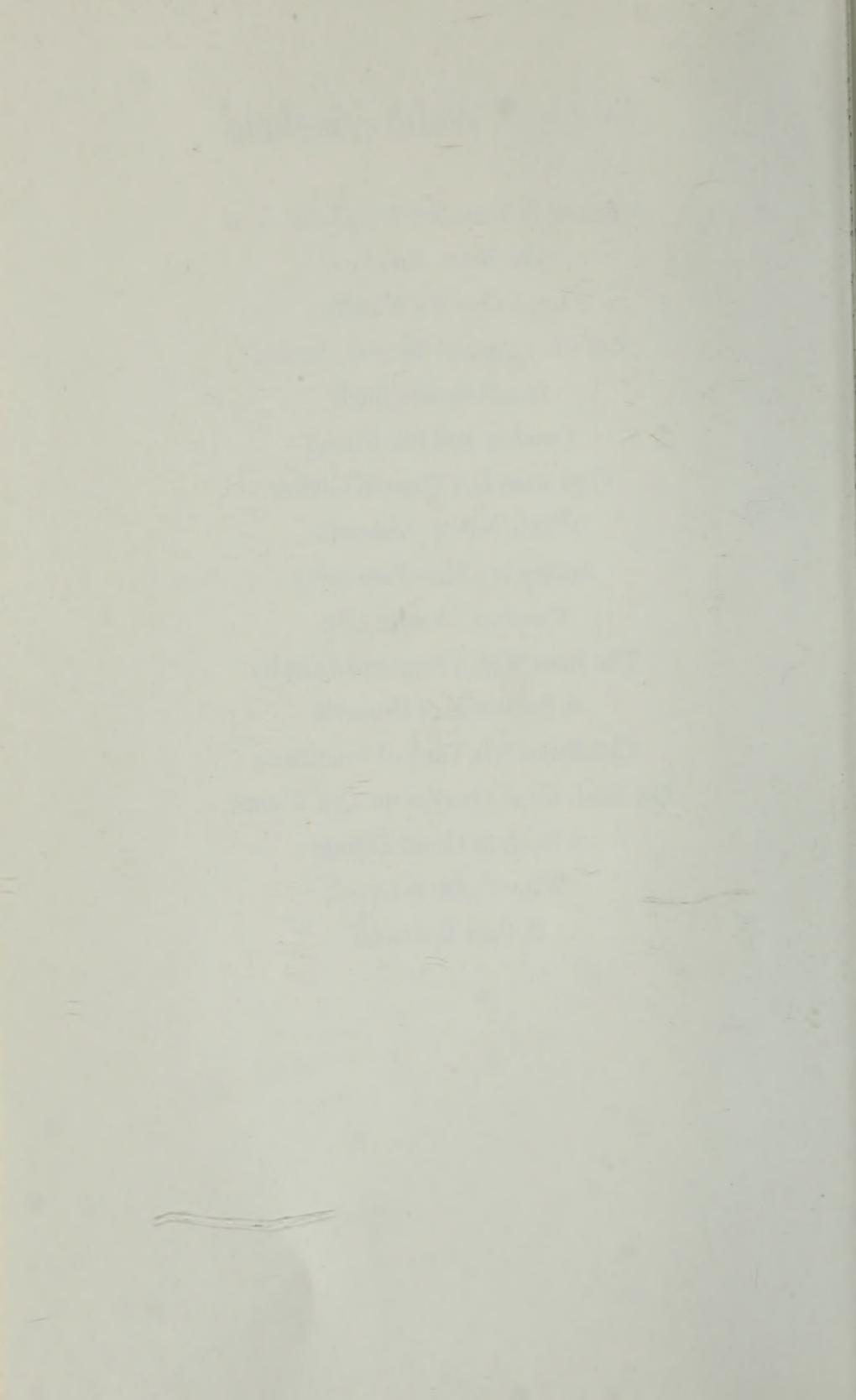


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By Joan Walsh Anglund

- A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You
- The Brave Cowboy
- Look Out the Window
- Love Is a Special Way of Feeling
- In a Pumpkin Shell
- Cowboy and His Friend
- Christmas Is a Time of Giving
- Nibble Nibble Mousekin
- Spring Is a New Beginning
- Cowboy's Secret Life
- The Joan Walsh Anglund Sampler
- A Pocketful of Proverbs
- Childhood Is a Time of Innocence
- Un Ami, C'est Quelqu'un Qui T'aime
- A Book of Good Tidings
- What Color Is Love?
- A Year Is Round



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To a very dear and special friend



One seed
can start a garden
One drop
can start a sea
One doubt
can start a hating
One dream
can set us free.



I have bravery
 to spend on pain

I have faith
 to wall up fear

I have courage
 to fight danger when it comes.

But there is no defense against loneliness.



— —

Beauty
is
my
only
candle
against
the
midnight
of
my
fear.



A bird does not sing
because he has an answer.

He sings
because he has a song.



— — —

Like all good teachers,
the world repeats her lesson.
Over and over
...with wordless variety...
she spells the name of Love.



Every tear
I ever cried
Turned to pearl
before it died.

Every pain
that in me burned
Forged to wisdom
I had earned.



A cup of sun...
a daisy...
a thimbleful of snow...
a leaf turned red from frost's first touch...
this much of God I know.



1977-10-10

Thoughts,
rest your wings.
Here is
 a hollow of silence,
 a nest of stillness
 in which to hatch your dreams.



The arabesques a hope can do...
the dances dreams can make...
the patterned pain a mind may shape...
before a heart will break.



Day!

Now thoughts begin.

On dawn's gray back
old fears ride in.



— —

What can this Spring say
that other Springs have not already told us?
And yet, each year, how happily we listen!



Faith is the patient seamstress
 who mends our torn belief,
who sews the hem of childhood trust
 and clips the threads of grief.



Why, when others were winged,
was I made snail...
to crawl on humblest garden path,
to leave such slender trail?



— — —

There is only one doorway
into Forever...
and Death keeps the only key.



Success is a garden
with too much sun.

Be careful it does not dry your roots.



(1)

The ugly face of fear
stares behind the masks of many faces.
I watch it in the crowds,
I glimpse it in the city.
And often...at home...
it waits within the mirror.



Be still...
and let the wind speak.

Hush...
a world is talking.





To put a seed
in the earth
is to be a mother.

To feed a bird
on snowy days
is to be a host to God.



No book
can teach us Self.

It is a hidden language
only Heart can read.



Loneliness speaks to loneliness.
And though we mask ourselves
 with words or silences,
our needs leap out from all we do
 and speak to those alike.



Self-importance
 sits in the back seat,
 and directs all our travels.



Just outside my wisdom
are words that would answer everything.



A thimble over Caring
to keep the aching out...
Such armor should the heart wear
whenever Love's about.



Sleep is a small death...
yet we do not fear it.

Sleep is a small death....
Does it tell us of a larger dream?



— — —

I shall be older than this
one day.

I shall think myself young
when I remember.

Nothing can stop
the slow change of masks my face must wear,
one following one.

These gloves my hands have put on,
the pleated skin, patterned by
the pale tracings of my days...

These are not *my* hands!

And yet, these gloves do not come off!

I shall wear older ones tomorrow,
till, glove after glove,
and mask after mask,
I am buried beneath
the baggage of Old Woman.

Oh, then,
shall I drop them off,

Unbutton the sagging, misshapen apparel of age,
and run, young and naked, into Eternity!



I did not hear
the words you said.

Instead,
I heard the love.



—

What *is* poetry,
if it is not the silent singing
each man hears
within his own heart?

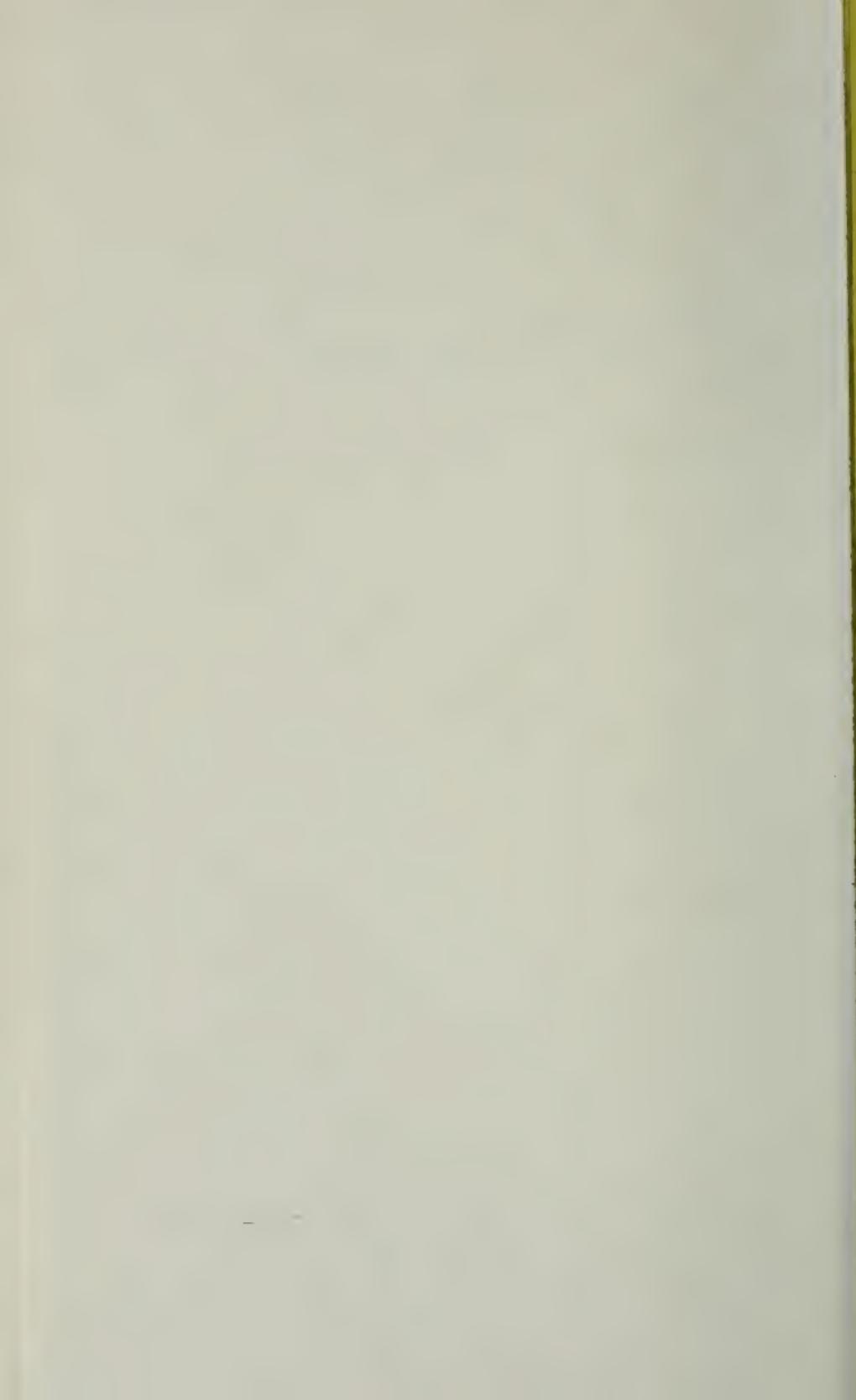








PHOTO BY JIM THEOLOGOS

Joan Walsh Anglund is a much-loved author-artist whose books, among which are *A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You*, *Love Is a Special Way of Feeling*, and *A Year Is Round*, have won for her a very special reputation. *A Cup of Sun* is her first book solely for adults.

